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By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

THURSDAY, *May* the 30th, 1754.

Dicetur meritâ Nox quoque nœniâ. HOR.

I HAVE lately got a new ſet of correſpondents; and have had the favour of letters from various perſons, with whom I have not the honour to be in the leaſt acquainted. They ſeem, indeed, to be of another order of beings, as they ſeldom make their appearance till the ordinary race of mortals are aſleep in their beds. It is aſtoniſhing to think how much buſineſs theſe people carry on in this populous city, at that ſeaſon which nature has allotted for reſt: for it muſt be owned of theſe children of the night, that they are as diligent in their ſeveral callings as thoſe of the day.

FOR the entertainment of my readers I ſhall lay before them the contents of ſome of theſe extraordinary diſpatches: and as I look upon the watchmen, by virtue of their office, to have the right of precedency among theſe ſons of darkneſs, I ſhall give them the preference in this paper.

ONE

ONE of theſe gentlemen, who calls himſelf king of the night, complains of the great encreaſe of riots and diſturbances which happen nightly in the ſtreets of this metropolis. He commends his Majeſty for the paternal care he has ſhewn of his people by recommending it to his parliament to provide means of putting a ſtop to theſe diſorders; and declares he will uſe his utmoſt endeavours to aſſiſt him in ſo good a work.

ANOTHER of this venerable fraternity, who it ſeems has been lately diſciplined by a ſet of Bucks, acquaints me with the antiquity and dignity of his office, and of the high eſteem in which thoſe who watch for the public ſafety have always been held by the people. He complains of the inſult which, in his perſon, has been offered to the dignity of magiſtracy and the ſacredneſs of office; and concludes, that as he has ſerved his country faithfully in this public capacity many years, he intends, after the example of other great men, to return to his private calling of a cobler. A link-boy, indeed, who begs my honour would prefer him to the poſt of a watchman, does not ſeem to have ſo high a notion of the dignity or uſefulneſs of that ancient order: for he ſays if he ſhould be ſo happy as to obtain his deſire, he ſhall have nothing to do but to ſleep at his ſtand; whereas in his preſent calling he is obliged to be upon the watch all night long.

WHETHER the author of the following advertiſement is in jeſt or earneſt, I am unable to determine: however at his requeſt I have inſerted it.

"WHEREAS W. Y. who lately kept the ROUND-
"HOUSE in the pariſh of * * *, well known to ſeveral of
"the quality, gentry and others, is lately removed to the
"KNAVE of CLUBS in the ſame ſtreet; this is to intreat
"all ſuch gentlemen and ladies as uſed to honour him
"with their company, to continue their favours; and
"to aſſure them of the ſame civility and good uſage
"as formerly.

"*N. B.*

"*N. B.* There are private rooms for thoſe who play "deep."

INNUMERABLE are the letters, cards and meſſages which I have received from places of the moſt polite reſort. In particular I muſt confeſs my obligations to a venerable matron in Covent-garden, who invites me to ſpend an evening at her houſe; where ſhe aſſures me none but people of the beſt faſhion are admitted. She ſpeaks much in my praiſe for my endeavours to promote virtue; and is extremely ſevere upon the low and dirty houſes of intrigue which have brought that part of the town into ſo much diſrepute. She adds very obligingly, in a poſtſcript, that ſhe has a fine young creature of ſixteen, who has never ſeen company, and whom ſhe reſerves purpoſely for Mr. Fitz-Adam.

I CANNOT omit to mention the honour Mr. * * * has done me by inviting me to the next maſquerade, and offering me a domino for that purpoſe. But as I can ſee no reaſon why people, whoſe intentions are honeſt, ſhould be aſhamed to ſhew their faces, I have declined his invitation. His argument for the morality of theſe midnight meetings, viz. "that by reducing all man-"kind to a level, they teach the GREAT a uſeful leſſon "againſt pride," is I own ingenious; though I am apt to think, as men's manners are generally borrowed from their outward circumſtances, a lady of quality, when ſhe finds herſelf degraded to the rank of a milk-maid, may be tempted to familiarities, which ſhe never would have ſuffered in her own exalted ſphere.

BUT the moſt extraordinary of all the invitations I have been favoured with, is from a ſociety in St. Giles's. This letter is written in a fair hand by the ſecretary, who tells me he has the misfortune to be ſtone blind: but I muſt not wonder at that, he ſays, for the moſt active young fellow among them is a poor old cripple, who plies all day long in the Mews. He aſſures me, that notwithſtanding

notwithſtanding their miſerable looks by day, I ſhall find them at night a ſet of the merrieſt fellows in the world; and as to drinking, wenching, gaming, and the like faſhionable amuſements, no GENTLEMEN can go beyond them.

I HAVE letters by me from people of all ranks and conditions, giving an account of the different employments and diverſions of the night: ſo that, was it not for fear of diſturbing the peace of reputable families, I could make as many pleaſant diſcoveries as the ingenious author of the Devil upon two ſticks. I have the morning adventures of a noted Buck, and the midnight rambles of a female rake. A Lady who writes to me from Bridges-ſtreet, complains of the inſufferable inſolence of watchmen and conſtables; inſomuch that ſhe can hardly walk along the ſtreets about her lawful occaſions, without being ſtopt and queſtioned by theſe Jacks in an office.

THERE is ſomething ſo reaſonable in lady Betty Moonlight's propoſal, that I cannot refuſe giving it to my readers. Her ladyſhip complains that her firſt ſleep is conſtantly broke by the noiſe of carrs, drays and hackney coaches, or by the vociferous cries of ſmall-coal, brick-duſt, kitchen-ſtuff, &c. She thinks it very hard that people of quality ſhould be diſturbed at ſuch unſeaſonable hours; and therefore hopes that the parliament will take it into conſideration. She propoſes, that as they have already altered the year, an act may be paſſed next ſeſſion to turn night into day; which ſhe obſerves will be more agreeable to their own times of doing buſineſs.

As I have adapted the former part of this paper more particularly to the taſte of thoſe who frequent the polite circles in this town, I ſhall now conſider my graver readers, and preſent them with the following compoſition on the ſame ſubject.

ODE

ODE to NIGHT.

The buſy cares of day are done;
In yonder weſtern cloud the ſun
Now ſets, in other worlds to riſe,
And glad with light the nether ſkies.
With ling'ring pace the parting day retires,
And ſlowly leaves the mountain tops, and gilded ſpires.

Yon azure cloud, enrob'd with white,
Still ſhoots a gleam of fainter light:
At length deſcends a browner ſhade;
At length the glim'ring objects fade:
Till all ſubmit to NIGHT's impartial reign,
And undiſtinguiſh'd darkneſs covers all the plain.

No more the ivy-crowned oak
Reſounds beneath the wood-man's ſtroke.
Now ſilence holds her ſolemn ſway;
Mute is each buſh, and ev'ry ſpray:
Nought but the ſound of murm'ring rills is heard,
Or from the mould'ring tow'r, NIGHT's ſolitary bird.

Hail ſacred hour of peaceful reſt!
Of pow'r to charm the troubled breaſt!
By thee the captive ſlave obtains
Short reſpite from his galling pains;
Nor ſighs for liberty, nor native ſoil;
But for a while forgets his chains, and ſultry toil.

No horrors haſt thou in thy train,
No ſcorpion laſh, no clanking chain.
When the pale murd'rer round him ſpies
A thouſand griſly forms ariſe,
When ſhrieks and groans arouſe his palſy'd fear,
'Tis guilt alarms his ſoul, and conſcience wounds his ear.

The village ſwain whom Phillis charms,
Whoſe breaſt the tender paſſion warms,

Wiſhes